

# Press-Herald

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## A Job Well Done

Every holiday season many people re-discover an age-old truth. And when they do, they say, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone were so concerned for others' happiness all year 'round?"

But concern for others is not confined to one season. We refer particularly to the thousands of United Crusade volunteers who recently gave many hours and evenings to their assignments. They were working on behalf of people who in the next year will need the help of United Way and Red Cross services. These are people whose names they will never know. And we're mindful of the legion who responded generously to the appeal. These givers asked only that their money be spent carefully and wisely for people whose need is greater than their own.

Working together volunteers and subscribers gave in full measure. Crusade accounting shows that the soliciting units of the campaign achieved an average of 101 per cent of their quotas. Naturally, some team members scored a bit more; some a bit less.

G. Stanley Williamson, chairman for Harbor Area, reports that our volunteers have raised \$234,915 for 100.4 per cent of our quota. And some late gifts are still to come.

This is money given to keep open the doors of our health, welfare and disaster agencies for another full year. It is continual proof that concern for our fellow man is far from seasonal.

We salute our fellow-citizens for a job well done.

## IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

### Las Vegas Is Just a Mirage

Every couple of years I get this unconquerable urge to spend a weekend in Las Vegas—the operative word being "spend." My psychoanalyst calls it masochism, but he's paid to use terms like that. Anybody else would call it madness, as in nuts, and in the view of Internal Revenue it isn't deductible, even as pure research.

However, as somebody observed a long, long time ago, the only way you can win in Vegas is if you step off the plane and walk into the propeller. In this day of the pure jets you can't even do that.

ABOUT 15 YEARS AGO, in my first trip to Las Vegas, I looked around at the burgeoning hotels and casinos on the Strip and said "It'll never last," a prediction well in line with my .187 batting average. The Strip has not only lasted in all directions, it is even going up. Out there in the eternal desert a Skyscraper Age has begun—a mirage in concrete. The endless sky is fingered by new monsters in Prestressed Frantic and the Sands has broken ground for a 17-story addition.

There is even a new airport, a handsome parabolic structure done in Eerie Saarinen. The old one was a shed filled with slot machines, but at least it was Western. In the new one the slots have been played down, and it could be an airport anywhere. Four men in the bar, wearing cowboy clothes, looked out of place. Downtown, I suppose that big neon cowboy is still waving his mechanical arm and greeting, "Hiya, podner," but the note rings false these days. Las Vegas is Eastern, dark-suited and cold-eyed, and the unspoken greeting is "Hiya, Sucker."

IT WAS A GALA weekend on the Strip, for The Leader—that would be Mr. Sinatra—was back at his favorite oasis, The Sands. When Frank is there, the whole area takes on an added edge of excitement and style. There are great performers all around the place, but he is still the boss. Where he is the action is, loud, swinging, good-guy tough. He has become an actor, a producer, a businessman, a millionaire, but he still looks most at home in Vegas, the spotlights fading his Sy Devore dinner jacket, his fingers snapping, blue eyes glittering.

Between numbers he found time to blast his pet hates: Spain, Goldwater, and Dorothy Kilgallen. "You know why her mother named her Dorothy?" he asked the crowd. "Because she couldn't spell 'Brecch.'" Later, in the bar, he said: "Hey, I read that I'm persona non grata at Pebble Beach because I hit that guy (Dick Osborne) during the Crosby. I hereby declare Pebble Beach persona non grata. Besides, look." He wagged his right little finger, still oddly bent where he had broken it hitting Osborne in what he says was self-defense. "The doctor wants to rebreak it, but what the heck—I only use it for this." Putting it in his ear and wiggling it energetically.

IN THE CASINO the tables were so jammed you couldn't squeeze your way in to lose. The blackjack dealers were using four-deck wooden "shoes," to foil mathematicians. "What time is it?" a girl asked a guy. "Four," he replied. "a.m. or p.m.?" she went on. "Who cares?" he replied.

That's Las Vegas, and I hope the Chamber of Commerce will desist this time from sending me its usual letter pointing out that Las Vegas is actually a city of schools, churches, homes, and industry. Who cares?



## HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

### Economy Tied to World Politics and Defense?

Were the Russians to disappear from the face of the earth, or revert to the torpor of the imperial days, the American economy would take a nosedive such as was never dreamed.

This seems to be a taboo subject, except in heavy think-pieces in business journals. But it seems also to be an honest reality, if oversimplified here. So why not consider it?

Consideration is suggested by Defense Secretary McNamara's decision to close 95 military bases and installations through the country. It's a delicate matter, so Mr. McNamara was coy in delaying the identity of the bases to be closed.

The estimate is 63,000 jobs affected, and a saving of \$500 million in the defense budget. As this is about one per cent of the \$50 billion budget, it indicates 6.3 million jobs in defense work. But the figure is of course empirical.

But let us go from there roughly. Many of the bases

are in big cities, and the jobs run into thousands. Some are in or near small communities, and are the chief job anchors there. No wonder Mr. McNamara was coy.

Yet the bases are peanuts in the defense structure. The bulk of this structure consists in contracts for defense goods which keep defense growing and up-to-date. Some contractors are big corporations, which have a quarter to a half of their work in defense production. Some are small, technical firms wholly dependent on defense contracts for existence.

The American economy is so vast and multifarious, defense work doesn't interfere with non-military consumer goods. Notwithstanding, the corporations and jobs depend on defense for their current surging prosperity and their production and research potential.

Before 1914, the American defense structure was small. It contracted with

private producers, but the proportion of government goods in the total national production was almost negligible.

Both technology and Russian fear of the West have radically changed this situation. The technology is clear enough—nuclear energy, aircraft, then missiles, computerized goods, unimagined mobility, worldwide defense obligations, real or fancied.

This engages about a tenth of the work force, takes a tenth of your income, but it also returns income and corporate profits. Take it away, and what happens?

But why worry the question? The Russians are not going away, nor will they revert to czarist lethargy. Technology alone drives us to action. Non-military space alone has an irresistible upthrust. But let's not succumb to an ingrained notion that what we call prosperity is anything like the prosperous periods of the last century.

## BOOKS by William Hogan

### Joe Kennedy: Study in Power, Wealth, Ambition

Joseph P. Kennedy has always been an enigmatic figure in the worlds of finance and politics. He amassed several fortunes—real estate and whiskey—and became a powerhouse in the New Deal era. Always he remained a cool, grasping, intelligent, opportunistic loner who believed in the 19th Century big money philosophy of winner-take all.

Joe Kennedy's story is as dramatic and audacious as any of the old-time financial barons. It is told very well indeed in a spirited biography, "The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy."

This is a study in power, wealth and family ambition by Richard J. Whalen, a young associate editor of Fortune Magazine. What intrigued me in this continually absorbing saga was Kennedy's almost incidental role as a movie magnate in the mid-1930s. Some of the author's findings:

Kennedy arrived in Hollywood as a banker, but turned producer in an attempt to beat "a bunch of pants pressers" at their own game. "I could take the whole business away from them," he once remarked to a friend. He almost made good his boast within three years.

Joe headed a quickie production outfit (FBO) whose biggest stars were Tom Mix and another horse-opera favorite named Fred Thompson. When the football great "Red" Grange was proposed as an actor, Kennedy doubted that the mass public knew who he was. He asked his sons, Joe Jr., 11, and Jack, 9, if they would like to see Grange in the movies. They shouted their approval and Grange was hired.

In 1928 Kennedy arranged the merger to form RKO

Studios, blending his friend David Sarnoff's Radio Corporation of America interests with the Keith and Orpheum vaudeville empires.

Few market operators could match his muscle. RKO's stock shot to around \$50 a share, and Kennedy rode to the point where he cleared a profit of some \$2 million. After 32 months in the movie business, he was perhaps \$5 million richer.

The big-bodied biography rings with anecdotes as we watch Joe climb the golden ladder. He survived the stock market crash of 1929 ("Only a fool holds out for the top dollar") and later made no effort to conceal his contempt for the mighty Wall Street crowd whose blindness had brought them low. He told his sons: "Here I am, a boy from East Boston, and I took 'em. So don't be impressed."

One of my favorite anecdotes here involves a victory party Kennedy threw in Florida after Roosevelt's election in 1932. Old "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald and his wife were among the guests, and Bill Dowling, the actor-producer, asked Mrs. Fitzgerald to waltz. As they danced, she exclaimed brightly, "Isn't it wonderful? My son-in-law Joe Kennedy has made Franklin D. Roosevelt president!"

Dowling's jaw dropped. What could be said? Evidently Mrs. Fitzgerald had the story straight from Joe.

## TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

### Hot Buttered Rum: Great Drink for the Holidays

"Suggest something foreign, a hot drink for cold country during the holiday."

Not sure how foreign this is. But they serve it on that little German train that runs past frozen Christmas card villages to the ski country.

Hot buttered rum: half a teaspoon of brown sugar and two cloves in the bottom of a six ounce glass. Ounce-and-a-half of light Jamaica rum. Now put the cold spoon in the glass so it won't crack and pour in four ounces of boiling water. Drop in a lump of cold butter the size of a hazelnut. When it melts, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon. (If you want to experiment, use hot dry cider instead of water.)

If this is too rich, try another they serve on that train—grog mit der Jamaica rum. Dark Jamaica rum, boiling water, top with nutmeg.

quila has less power than our gin. I imagine you are at Las Brisas in Acapulco. Right? They don't put tequila in your room bar unless you ask for it.

If you want to try it, here's how to make a Margarita. Wet the rim of a champagne glass and roll the edge in salt. Shake up in shaved ice, half jigger of Triple Sec or Cointreau, jigger of white tequila, juice of one lime. Pour it in glass and drink it ice cold.

"Please give me the recipe for Irish coffee . . ." As made at Shannon Airport and the famous Buena Vista in San Francisco:

Heat a six-ounce glass with boiling water. Empty it. Put in a jigger of Irish whiskey and two cocktail sugar cubes—or a spoonful of sugar. Mix it up. Fill to an inch of the top with hot coffee and stir. Top with cream that has been lightly beaten but not whipped stiff. Just a little beating will make it strong enough to stand on top of the coffee but light enough to pour. (Make a little island on top of the coffee with the back of a spoon and pour your cream gently over that. Insures that it floats instead of dropping down through the black coffee.)

## Our Man Hoppe

### Ike Unifies Us All Apart

By Arthur Hoppe

As a canny strategist with a keen political instinct, you have to hand it to Mr. Eisenhower. For now, in a single statement, he's healed the wounded feelings of millions of Negro voters. And, at the same time, he's unified the Italians.

Mr. Eisenhower brought off this notable double coup in a Republican unity conference in Hershey, Pa. Earlier, he had attacked criminals armed "with the switchblade knife." This had brought him an angry letter from Mr. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, who said Negroes felt this was a crack at them.

According to a transcript of the unity conference appearing in Newsweek, Mr. Eisenhower acted with typical deft incisiveness to heal the breach. "I am going to have an aide," he said, "write to this fellow and say, 'Well for God's sake, that's the last thing in my mind.' As a matter of fact, I thought switchblades were always—I hope there are no Italians here—identified with Italians."

You can see how this simple clarification will appeal to all Negroes. You can also see how it will unify all Italians. But I'm sure that, too, can be rectified by a simple clarifying clarification.

"Let me say right off I didn't mean to imply for a minute that all Italians carry switchblades. As every fair-minded American knows, they don't all carry switchblades. They all carry tommyguns. But I'm sure we'd all carry tommyguns, too, if we all wore snap-brimmed fedoras, belonged to the Mafia, and had sworn in blood to drill holes in Elliot Ness.

"Moreover, Italians are notoriously generous with their ill-gotten loot. Why, a penny-pinching Italian is as rare as a spendthrift Scotsman or Jew.

"Now just a minute. I'm not reflecting on Scotsmen or Jews. Some of my best friends are Scottish and the Jews, as we know, are a sober, basically honest people. Did you ever see a drunken, corrupt Jewish politician? Of course not.

"Not that I, personally, have anything against our drunken, corrupt Irish politicians, even though they are Catholics. Unlike the plodding, pig-headed Germans, the Irish have a sort of innate cleverness. You know, like the wily, inscrutable Orientals. Now by 'wily,' I don't mean Orientals are treacherous. They're certainly no more treacherous than Latins, for instance, and far more industrious.

"Now, I hope no one will take that as a slur on our fine Americans of Latin descent. They have my highest admiration. At least they're not all sex maniacs like the French nor stuffy prigs like the British. And when you compare them to the Poles . . ."

So a canny clarification like that will get Mr. Eisenhower off the hook. Of course, I'm not sure he believes all these stereotypes. But most Americans you talk to do. And that's odd. Because most Americans, including me and maybe you, belong to one or more of these groups. Which means we're the only great nation in history which thinks of itself as a collection of violent, greedy, drunken, corrupt, stupid, treacherous, sex-mad, stuffy, cutthroats.

Now I ask you. How can even Mr. Eisenhower ever hope to unify a bunch of bums like us?

## Morning Report:

I would like to say a kind word for the government of South Vietnam—whichever one happens to be in office by the time this gets printed.

Everybody in Washington says the government over there should be stable. But that's a tall order considering what it's up against.

I wonder how stable we would be if well-armed Battalions were shooting up the Washington suburbs, if our armed services were so weak we needed thousands of foreigners to tell us what to do, business was so bad we could only keep afloat with millions of dollars in gifts from overseas, and we were surrounded by mighty neighbors sneaking all sorts of armaments across the border.

Abe Mellinkoff

## Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Put love first.—(I Cor. 14:1).

We may speak in the tongues of man or even of angels, but if we are without love we are merely sounding a gong or a clanging cymbal. We could have the gift of prophecy or be able to move mountains but if we have no love, we are nothing. And the greatest measure of our love should go to God.